

A plea for peace, a very real dream

by Airea

Category: Gundam Wing/AC

Genre: Poetry

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-30 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-30 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:47:39

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 565

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: I want everything to read this. It took a long time for me to do it, and I am professing my dream. Please, at least give it three minutes of your time.

A plea for peace, a very real dream

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> Apleaforpeace.html \*\*\_A plea for peace, a very real dream.\_\*\*

> <p>I see a world of peace and light. <br>Where only love and hope are right.

Things of glory, come from within.

>Where one willl never kill your kin. <p>

Things that share, and spread the wealth.

>Bringing hope, and light with stealth. <p>

I work twords this dream, and it takes my soul.

>A hole country on my sholders, I feel so old. <p>

I want to laugh, and play my games,

>But I work for my dream, inside I stay. <p>

Can they see the pain in my eyes.

>that it is truly me that I dispise. <p>

I'm dying inside, one day by day.

>For this dream that will forever stay. <p>

I want to hold the world, and rock it calm.

>Make it all safe and warm. <p>

But people hate aand people scorn.

>Make me wish I was never born. <p>

Please, help me build this dream today.

>From the dream inside, where my heart stays. <p>

Help me now, before I'm gone.

>Before the hope of peace is gone. <p>

I want light and right and things of heart.

>You probably think I'm not very smart. <p>

I've lost my country, my brother, my heart.

>And yet I finish up where I start. <p>

I told you once, this dream won't die.

>That it is me that I dispy. <p>

Why do you hate me and take and scorn.

>Isn't it enough that I wish I were never born? <p>

Heero is the one who took part of my heart.

>But my dream is where my showing starts. <p>

I would give up him, and my life, right now.

>To stop the pain that I always have in plow. <p>

Sometimes I wish it all would end,

>or that i would have a truer friend. <p>

But these are things that are never to be.

> <p>

I must fight on, and sell my soul,

>If I am to reach my goal. <p>

Please don't scarf and tease, and make a gag.

>Could you insted be the best friend I have? <p>

I need something that is strong and true.

>I need a friend, can it be you? <p>

To help me on this dangerous way,

>I want to live anther day. <p>

I can't change my dream or who I am.

>It takes strenth not to turn into a clam. <p>

The tears are rolling down my cheeks,

>I've done this every night for weeks. <p>

Can I have a hug now, please.

>I'm on the floor begging, on my knees. <p>

I need somethng that won't bite back.

>Something to my sanity can use as a tack. <p>

Hep me, please, I feel so small,

>don't leave me alone, to look like I'm standng tall. <p>

I'm dying inside, I need your hand.

>To make this dream a real life land. <p>

>>>>>>>

>This poem is decated to all those who are out there working, as we  
speak, in third world countrys. To all those who dream of world  
peace, and to those who want to save the world from polution, to the  
ideals perposed by 'Relena Peacecraft'. <strong><font>I know you are  
out there, I am one of you. You are not alone, I stand with you. We  
can do this, don't give up.<font>\*\*  
><strong><strong>  
> <br>  
> <br>  
> <br>  
> <p>

End  
file.